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No. 315

Uncle Sam's Daughters

AND

WHAT THEY HAVE DONE

A Pictorial Fantasy in One Act and One Scene

BY

AUGUSTA RAYMOND KIDDER

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No. 1.

UNCLE SAM'S DAUGHTERS.

SPEAKING CHARACTERS.

UNCLE SAM..*Typical national dress, middle age, dry, humorous, decided*

COLUMBIA.....*Typical national dress, handsome woman*

SPOKESWOMAN..*Fashionable evening garb of to-day, attractive and decisive in speech and manner*

FIRST HERALD
SECOND HERALD

Boys, or slim young girls, in typical heralds' costumes

UNCLE SAM'S DAUGHTERS.

NON-SPEAKING CHARACTERS.

On Stage:—As many fashionably gowned women in present day evening dress as may be desired.

IN TABLEAUX.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.....MOLL PITCHER
ELIZABETH CADY STANTON...SUSAN B. ANTHONY
BETSY ROSS.....BARBARA FRITCHIE
FRANCES WILLARD.....POCOHONTAS
ANN LEE.....JULIA WARD HOWE
BELLE BOYD.....MRS. EDDY
CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.....IDA LEWIS
EVA.....UNCLE TOM
MATERNITY.....2 INDIAN MEN
INFANT.....2 SMALL CHILDREN
2 CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

All carefully "made up" and dressed to resemble the people they represent. Authentic pictures of them can be easily obtained almost anywhere.

There should be a few bars of the music, and a brief pause, before each tableau.

TIME:—*Night.*

Uncle Sam's Daughters.

SCENE:—*The National Hall of State.*

Handsome palace scene or a very simple room, as circumstances may warrant. Platform and chair C. *for* UNCLE SAM, *eagle perched at his back, hat on his knee. Flags, national seal, etc., draped* R. *and* L. COLUMBIA *stands at his* R., *carrying American flag on small gold staff. At back are long portieres hung* R. *and* L., *to draw off and show the different tableaux behind them. Stage filled with fashionably dressed women.*

As curtain rises, after martial music, the TWO HERALDS *give a flourish of trumpets.*

UNCLE SAM.—
Now girls speak quickly, I am pressed for time.
You have a grievance? Tell me what it *is!*
ALL THE WOMEN.—(*Together*)
Well, it's like this! We all——
UNCLE SAM.—(*Beats table with gavel*)
One at a *time!* Oh *please.*
You'll make me *deaf* and in such days as these
I need my hearing if I *ever* did.
Appoint a *spokesman.*
ALL.—(*Indignantly*)
Spokes*man?*
UNCLE SAM.—
Spokeswoman, I mean.
(*Wipes his brow nervously.*)
ALL.—*Point to* SPOKESWOMAN)

We select *her,* for *she* can *talk.*
UNCLE SAM.—
Indeed! I thought *all* women could! But pray
proceed.
COLUMBIA.—
Sir, their complaint is *this*——
Your daughters here
Say that you hold your sons as *doubly* dear.
That your *affection* is for them more *keen.*
SPOKESWOMAN.—
Precisely so. Exactly what we *mean.*
UNCLE SAM.—
You puzzle me. I don't quite see your game.
ALL. (*Shout*)
We want to get into the Hall of *Fame!*
UNCLE SAM.—
But *some* of you *are* there.
SPOKESWOMAN.—
Oh very *few.* You men keep up the bars. You
know you do.
UNCLE SAM.—
Maria Mitchell's there—I'm very *glad*——
One of the best *astronomers* we had.
And lots of other women too—So then
There *is* no opposition from the men.
The Hall *can't* open for a pretty *face*
If you should *all* get in—you'd swamp the place.
SPOKESWOMAN.—
Oh you are too old fashioned for *to-day*
And just a *little prejudiced, I* say!
UNCLE SAM.—
That isn't so—but if it were—a man
Can *do* more, surely—than a woman can!
Take history—he blazons it with glory.
SPOKESWOMAN.—
And *most* of it is one sad shameful *story.*
Pillage and rapine. Yes and murder too,
Things that all womankind would scorn to do!
UNCLE SAM.—(*Puts on glasses*)

Why *you're* some *punkins*—let me *look* at you.

SPOKESWOMAN.—

Bluster and noise and shams that shame the *air.*

(*Points up.*)

Have never yet been registered up *there.*

UNCLE SAM.—(*Nervously*)

I've got to have assistance *here* you *bet.*

(*To* HERALD, R.)

Just send for *Wilson* and his *Cabinet.*

(HERALD *bows and exits* L.)

COLUMBIA.—

Their plea's a worthy one, it seems to *me*
Perhaps you *have,* sir, been inclined to be
A trifle partial to the other sex,
And such discrimination tends to vex
My worthy sisters.

SPOKESWOMAN.—(*To her*)

You've the right idea.
Considering the limits of our sphere
We've done as much as *men.*

UNCLE SAM.—(*Protests*)

Oh, *come,* my dear,
Don't make such silly statements—be advised.

SPOKESWOMAN.—

But *our* achievements don't get *advertised.*

UNCLE SAM.—(*Drily*)

Oh I don't know—from just a cursory *view*
The morning *paper's* pretty *full* of you.

(*Enter* HERALD, L.)

HERALD.—(*Salutes*)

The President's too *busy,* sir, to call,
But he is for the *women,* one and *all.*

(*All the* WOMEN *cheer.*)

UNCLE SAM.—(*Disgusted*)

That's pleasant. Yet the people say *I* rule
I think I must be just a first old *fool!*

Well where's your proof?
You girls will break my heart.
I love you all—the *stupid* and the *smart.*
SPOKESWOMAN.—
Look at our women's clubs, all sane and true,
Gossip perhaps but worthier things they do.
To all our sex they are as restful boons——
They're *really clubs,* not privileged *saloons!*
UNCLE SAM.—
My dear you know too *much,* please call a halt.
Men *are* convivial but it's not *their* fault.
For women folk encourage them a *lot.*
COLUMBIA.—
Speaking for *average* women, they do *not!*
Think of the women *leaders,* we'll have more——
Of College Presidents we've three or four
Of high officials fully twenty score.
The workshop and the office hum with power
Displayed by women toilers every *hour.*
UNCLE SAM.—(*Wearily*)
I know all that, please *cease*—my head just *whirls.*
My Treasury Department's *packed* with girls.
If you have anything that's *new,* proceed,
All the *old* facts I really do not *need!*
What *is* your grievance?
SPOKESWOMAN.—
Well, sir, we have heard
Men say we're their *inferiors*——
UNCLE SAM.—
That's *absurd.*
COLUMBIA.—
If you are willing, sir, they'll show to *you*
A sample of the things our sex can do.

(*As the women on the stage drift to* R. *and* L., *leaving the* C. *open, something done by women—a drill, a march, dancing, singing, can be introduced here if it is desired and worth while. At its finish* UNCLE SAM *applauds moderately.*)

UNCLE SAM.—
That's very good indeed, but not convincing.
I'm not from old Missouri, but I'd like
To have more proofs of what your sex has *done.*
SPOKESWOMAN.—(*Waves her hand. Trumpets*)
She saved a *life,* then saved a *State*
This daughter of a savage race
She screened the whites from wars alarms
And fair Virginia's *best,* can trace
From *Pocohontas* wondrous *charms*

(*Indian music. Tableau at* R.: POCOHONTAS *saving the life of* CAPTAIN SMITH.)

UNCLE SAM.—
She was an *Indian* and *that* doesn't *count.*
COLUMBIA.—(*Drily*)
The only *real* Americans we *have!*
UNCLE SAM.—
By Jove that's *so*—you're just as quick as *winking*
Let's see some more—You girls have set me *thinking.*
COLUMBIA.—
The window and the whitened hair
The tumult—and the muskets *aim*
Our starry banner floating there——
We do not *need* to speak the *name.*
"Strike if you must this old gray *head*
But spare your country's *flag"* she said.
(*Waves hand.*)

(*Tableau* L. BARBARA FRITCHIE, *waving American flag from window, Confederate troops near. Music: "The Red, White and Blue."*)

UNCLE SAM.—
Better and better—why it thrills me through
But I'm not going, *yet,* to side with *you.*
(*Slyly.*)

No women *Generals* though.
COLUMBIA.—
Not since the *flood*——
Your average woman *shrinks* from shedding *blood.*
(*All applaud.*)
Almost the first to struggle for her sex
Was brave Ann Lee the Shaker, and her name
Should by her sisters be revered for aye.

(*Tableau* L.: ANN LEE *in her Shaker dress and bonnet. Music*: "*Long, long ago.*")

UNCLE SAM.—(*Drily*)
The *Shakers* are all right, of course, my dear,
But through their *laws* they're *bound* to *disappear.*
They give good measure and they're fine and straight
Their Shaker apple sauce is something *great.*
The women of the world——
SPOKESWOMAN.—
One moment pray!
I hold no brief for *them*——
What *I* may say, or show to you *pictorially* to-day—
Refers to women of the *U. S. A.!*

(*Dramatically.*)

They say that Prohibition stirs the land,
It is a woman's monument to-day!
The curse that falls on rich and poor
The Demon Drink that doth *endure*——
The smiling "*Fiend*" who *tempts* and *blights*
Through saddening *days* and maddening *nights*——
Should have proclaimed his holiday
When *Frances Willard* passed away.
(*Waves hand.*)

(*Tableau* R.: FRANCES WILLARD. *Music:* "*Old Oaken Bucket.*")

UNCLE SAM.—
But how about a war? Would woman *fight?*
COLUMBIA.—
You try to take her *child* away, and *see!*
We're here *exploiting* woman kind——
Where War its *havoc* wrought
Moll Pitcher, when her husband fell
Stood in his place and *fought!*
Surely this fact was proven then
That *women* are as brave as *men.*

(*Tableau* L.: MOLL PITCHER *at the cannon. Music: "Yankee Doodle."*)

UNCLE SAM:—(*Drily*)
They say no *amazon* in *Africa*
Was ever beaten in her battle *yet.*
SPOKESWOMAN.—
But *modern* heroines did as noble work
Through weary days 'mid insult and distress
They sowed that we might reap,
Behold them *here!*
Two women blossom in our hearts
Shoulder to shoulder did they stand
They battled Greed and Power and Wrong
This Old Guard of the Suffrage Band
The Glorious outcome that *they* plan
Stanton and Anthony *began!*

(MRS. STANTON *and* MISS ANTHONY. *Music: "Auld Acquaintance."*)

UNCLE SAM.—
Good women both—and when the match they laid
They little reckoned what a *fire* they *made!*
COLUMBIA.—
North, South, East, West, we welcome all of those
Who filled our sex with pride when War prevailed.
UNCLE SAM.—

Time is the *healer* of the wounds of *war*
He dims the scars and makes us all at *peace.*
COLUMBIA.—
To the Lost Cause,
She gave her *all*
Through glory and through woe——
A daughter of the "Stars and Bars"
A keen and daring *foe.*
Her bravery was beyond a *doubt.*
Belle Boyd, the great Confederate *Scout*
Of fifty *years* ago.

(*Music: "Dixie." Tableau* R.: BELLE BOYD, *Confederate uniform, carrying Confederate flag.*)

UNCLE SAM.—
Oh, yes, indeed—they fought and bled and died,
The martyrs as they suffered at the stake
Held no more heroism than our *woman*kind.
SPOKESWOMAN.—
'Tis Peace—not War—that our dear sex *desires*
But if war *comes,* she robs it all she *can*
Of gaunt and grisly *horror!*
What *Personality* is this?
The Dogs of War are *still*
To serve upon the *battlefield?*
Yet not to *maim* or *kill?*
See! Clara Barton has unfurled
Her Red Cross flag, and wins the *world!*

(*Tableau* L.: CLARA BARTON, *with Red Cross flag. Music: "Tenting to-night."*)

ALL THE WOMEN.—
Now really sir, you *ought* to be *convinced.*
UNCLE SAM.—(*Drily*)
I know I *ought* to be, but I'm the sort
That likes to be *cantankerous* and fight.

The men are *all* like that—they hate to own
When women get the best of *arguments.*
Just wait a while——
I'm stubborn and I'm old——
Maybe I'll *soften* when I see some *more.*
My thoughts are drifting back to years ago.
Our *early* days were proud of women too,
Who helped create the land we now enjoy.

COLUMBIA.—

The Pioneers of East and West
In earlier days did daring deeds
Privation seized men by the throat
And Red-skinned danger sowed its seeds——
But by their sides their women stood
And fought the fight of motherhood.

(*Simultaneous tableaux*: R. *and* L.—*The Pioneer Woman of the West at the plough with Child. The Pioneer Woman of the East* (*Puritan*) *with child, standing with gun at window while Indian lurks outside. Music.*)

UNCLE SAM.—

And *still* I think that woman's spot's the *home.*

SPOKESWOMAN.—

One stayed at home, and almost shook the *world!*
Of stirring days a *marvel she*
Who formed a mighty *sect*
That reaches out from *sea* to *sea*
With not a foeman *wrecked*
She did what *man* has seldom done
She fought a *bloodless* fight and *won*
So Mary Baker *Eddy* reigns
And *more* than memory remains.

(*Music. Tableau* R.: MRS. EDDY—"*The Lost Chord.*")

UNCLE SAM.—

Yes Mrs. Eddy made her mark on Time

But do you claim *all* women as her peers?

COLUMBIA.—

We'll try once more—you may be made to *see.*

(*Pause.*)

A wonder worker of the pen,
Revered alike by age and youth
She sought the cabin of the slave
And lit it with the torch of truth
So Harriet Beecher Stowe will live
While memory has a flower to give!

(*Tableau* L.: MRS. STOWE *with* EVA *and* UNCLE TOM. *Music: "The Old Kentucky Home."*)

SPOKESWOMAN.—

Oh surely we have proved our case by *now?*
See what we've *done—created—been*—and *borne!*
Woman designed *one* thing we can't forget——
Brave *men* have fought behind our flag
And to the world displayed it.
They've sung its praises o'er and o'er
But 'twas a *woman* made it.
A woman with a *simple* name
But Betsy Ross clasps hands with Fame!

(*Tableau* R.: BETSY ROSS. *Music: "Rally 'round the flag." She sews flag with thirteen stars.*)

UNCLE SAM.—

Brave Betsy Ross—You girls have planned this *well.*
My visitors can *wait*——
I'm busy *here.*

(*To 2nd* HERALD.)

Go tell my Secretary I'm engaged——
Upon a most important argument.
Add "Place aux dames"—if he don't understand.
I'll get a linguist who is up in French.

(*2nd* HERALD *bows, exits* R.)

Perhaps there's more to see?

COLUMBIA.—
Yes! there *is* more!
The line is not depleted, but still grows
It could stretch out unto the crack of *doom.*

(*Waves hand. Fanfare of trumpets.*)

A woman's power—a woman's art
That moved the brain and thrilled the heart
They set their imprint on the age
When Charlotte Cushman ruled the stage!
And made Meg *Merriles* the *rage!*

(*Trumpets kept up. Tableau* L.: CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN *as* "MEG MERRILEES.")

UNCLE SAM.—
Yes yes—I saw her play it years ago
And I have never seen her equal since
They cannot *match* her—not with *all* their pains
Acting in *those* old days required some *brains.*

(*Re-enter 2nd* HERALD L.)

HERALD.—(*Salutes*)
Your Secretary sir has told them that——
And sixteen office seekers went away
Madder than hornets, while five senators
And three ambassadors, are waiting still.
The French diplomatist, he understood
Your message—said he'd like to join you here.
UNCLE SAM.—
Well I guess *not*—these are *my* woman kind
And all outsiders must *remain,* outside!
Go on, I'm getting interested, *more!*

(*To* COLUMBIA.)

COLUMBIA.—

Our work *has* equalled men's in many ways
On land and sea our record will endure
Full many a wife has sailed a ship to port
When sickness beat her sturdy captain down
Full many a woman has from Neptune torn
His human prey amid the pounding *surf.*
Our hearts go out to one
Who lived amid the roar
Of fast and furious storms
That raged from shore to shore——
Who from her lighthouse viewed
The havoc of the waves
Where Ida Lewis saved
Two score from watery graves!

(*Tableau* R.: IDA LEWIS, *carrying oars. Music:* *"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."*)

They say we are *inferior*—Can they show
In all the ages past that this is *so?*
The Law and Average Man have long maligned us
When did we *fail* to do the work *assigned* us?
SPOKESWOMAN.—(*To* UNCLE SAM)
Equal *responsibility* with *you*
With equal *work* and equal *risk* as *well*
And then *half pay!* Oh, tell me if you can
Would such a proposition suit a *man?*
(*Pause.*)
Another woman rich with *years* I see
Whose contribution to her country's cause
Kept Patriotism's fire from burning low.
The Mind of Woman makes for *Peace*
Save where there's *Danger* grim.
Julia Ward Howe, stood for the right
And her great Battle Hymn,
Made many a weary heart, beat *high.*
And many an eye grow *dim!*

(*Trumpets. Tableau* L.: JULIA WARD HOWE.

Music: "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

COLUMBIA.—
So many clamor at our gates to-night
That Time can heed them not and they must live
For us in *name* and bright on *memory's* page.
SPOKESWOMAN.—(*Turning in appeal to* UNCLE SAM)
Now arbiter I feel the cause is won
And tardy justice shall be ours at last.
UNCLE SAM.—(*Nods*)
I think you've *won,* but I am *only one.*
COLUMBIA.—(*Scornfully*)
The *last* I summon—and *her* eloquence
Should *shame* you to a verdict for the *Right.*

(*Turns* R.)

Most marvellous embodiment of all
Enshrin*ed* glory of our woman kind
The foremost *Reason* to our aid we call
The *mother*—to the grandest task assigned
Rocking the cradle that may heroines hold
Aiding each tender nature to unfold,
Why should *she* beg the world her *Place* to give
This *wondrous* world which *SHE PERMITS* TO LIVE?

(*Music: "Lullaby."* MATERNITY *enters* R., *carrying a babe at her breast and leading a little child. She stands before* UNCLE SAM.)

UNCLE SAM.—
What is *your* plea?
MATERNITY.—(*Tensely*)
I ask the right no more to live
On worthless *husks,* but wholesome *wheat.*
I ask the right to help create
The pathways for my children's feet——

Protect my sex in *all* your States
Have equal laws and justice—then——
You'll see the *women* of our land
Shoulder to shoulder, with the *men!*

UNCLE SAM.—(*Nervously*)
Well—I don't *know*——

SPOKESWOMAN.—(*Scornfully*)
Then our demand goes *higher!*
(*To audience.*)
It goes to *you,* the Court of Last *Appeal!*
You who have watched us in our well planned race——
Give *you* the *verdict*——
Have we won our case?

(*Applause from all on stage.*)

(*Trumpets.* UNCLE SAM *rises. Tableau curtains are drawn aside showing* R. *and* L. *all the characters that have appeared! They come down stage singing—music forte—"The Star Spangled Banner"—in which all join. All this action simultaneous.*)
simultaneous.)

CURTAIN.

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